

The Evening World.

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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DON'T WAIT FOR IT: FORCE IT.

THE Bolshevik proclamation offering to Russian workers and peasants excuses for the acceptance of an ignoble peace is worth noting:

Once more the German working class, in this threatening hour, has shown itself insufficiently determined to stay the strong criminal hand of its own militarism. We had no other choice but to accept the conditions of German Imperialism until a revolution changes or cancels them.

As matters now stand no people or Government that has not its own special reasons for accepting the conditions of German Imperialism can afford to let its war activities be for one moment affected by anything it hopes the German people, as distinguished from their masters, may do.

It ought to be plain enough by now that for any one of the Allied nations to slacken its efforts on the strength of revolutionary signs or symptoms in Germany is folly of the most colossal and dangerous kind.

Nothing has been of greater help to the Imperial German Government in bringing Russia to ruin than the illusion so willingly entertained by Germany's enemies that the German people are ready to rise against their war lords and join the great brotherhood of democracy.

We may hope the German people are nearer to such an awakening than they were. We may be prepared to make the most of any real rift in the Prussian bound political fabric of the Fatherland. But we must be blind, indeed, to events if we do not realize by this time that we have been much too eager to interpret every political tremor in Germany as the beginning of the wished-for earthquake.

Far better for the United States and its Allies to forget for a time that there is any distinction between the German Government and the German nation, far safer to consider both as still overwhelmingly committed to autocracy and militarism, than to permit fancied signs of disruption in Germany to lead to the faintest modification of plans calling for supreme Allied effort on the firing line.

The only sure way to discredit the Imperial German militarists in the eyes of the German people is to smash the armies of the former on land and to sink their submarines and their warships beneath the sea.

Wait for no revolution in Germany.

Force one, by fighting without further word of peace or parley, without faith in sign or promise, until the power that now acts and speaks as Germany is finally brought low.

The snow yesterday only made the marching lines look sturdier and more like business. Wherever they march, and in whatever weather, the warm heart of their home city is with them.

ONLY A FEW OF HIM.

A GOOD many persons have figured in unfortunate ways in this week's news, but on one point there seems to be widespread agreement:

The most ill-considered, half-baked, pernicious contribution of the entire seven days was that made by the twenty-six-year-old Chairman of the Board of Directors of Morris & Co., the Chicago packers, who declared before the Wage Arbitration Board in that city that \$1,268 a year is far more than is necessary to support a family of five, that \$20 a year to clothe a child is too much, that three pairs of shoes a year for a child is one pair too many, and that there is ample entertainment for a twelvemonth in going three times to the theatre.

With these extraordinary statements an intelligent American public is quite capable of dealing in detail.

But what shall be said, from the point of view of national and civic assets, of a young man occupying a highly responsible position in a company which does a business of \$40,000,000 a year, who publicly discusses the needs and the standards of living of American workers as if it were a question of Chinese coolies?

Are there many of this sort on the directing boards of the country's great corporations?

We do not for an instant believe it. We can safely regard Mr. Nelson Morris and his mental processes as in the nature of unusual and accidental American products which the nation can profitably observe and study with a view to minimizing their effect upon normal American ambitions and sound American ideals.

We don't recall that Joshua ever went so far as to say there mightn't be another way to take Jericho.

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Calla Navy a Fine Place.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read with interest the communication of the "father who knows" so much about naval doctors, this being his first cruise. I have served in the navy six years. During this time have found the navy a very fine place, and have risen to the rank of Chief Petty Officer. I have not a single complaint to make about the navy. This is my second enlistment.
CHIEF, U. S. N.

Would Import Chinese Labor for Farms.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The urgent demand for farm labor continues to increase, with no sign of definite plans for relieving the shortage. The proposition to import Chinese farmers (not coolies) for the period of the war has received no serious consideration by the Federal Government. No practical alternative has been proposed to meet the impending farm labor crisis except the absurd

suggestion to employ young women, to be called "farmettes," and commandeering of the city's unemployed. The utility of such procedure is manifest to those familiar with farm labor. The young women would consider it a summer's vacation and act accordingly. Fancy a woman hoeing potatoes or corn under a red-hot summer sun, or pitching hay and "mowing back" in hot hay! Could they survive it? Their earnestness and sincerity cannot be questioned. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.
Farm labor derived from a city population is incompetent and unreliable and it is a waste of valuable time to discuss the feasibility of employing that class of help. The importation of Chinese farmers should be permitted as soon as possible, for the farmers of our country are solicitous and declare they will be unable to fertilize and plant their lands until they know they will have labor to cultivate and harvest the crops.
E. H. JIL.

Behind Time!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Skilled Negro Worker

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A LETTER from the Colored Associated Employees of America, recently formed, reads as follows:
"Your valuable paper has daily suggested means to its readers for overcoming the difficulties caused by the war with Germany. One of the most serious problems that the housewife has had to meet during the past few months is the scarcity of competent household help."

"This association has among its members competent women and men who are looking for good positions. Our members have been trained in all phases of household work in both the South and the North and we are sure that some of our readers will be interested in knowing where they can get in touch with this class of labor."

The organization plans to have branches in other cities and is the first of its kind here. Every effort is being made to promote the work of skilled colored people. It is estimated that twenty thousand skilled negro workers have come from the South in the past three years. Almost three thousand are in this city.

These have been especially trained for particular trades, but strange to say—according to colored authorities—only one of this large number actually secured the work for which he was especially fitted. The colored workers make a plea to the public through this organization for work in which they have been prepared.

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members of this organization there are 263 shipbuilders, 256 engineers, 517 mechanics, 251 tailors, 132 carpenters, 302 cooks, 141 painters, 72 electricians, 93 cigarmakers, 481 seamstresses, 113 milliners, 12 bookkeepers. They cannot get work in their particular line, but are employed as porters, chauffeurs, elevator operators, waiters and common laborers. Many of these colored workers are graduates from Tuskegee, Hampton, and other industrial schools. They have come from the South because of the seeming opportunity to secure a better living at better wages, as well as good schools for their children. The main effort of the new organization will be in the interest of properly placing these colored people so that they will become more useful to the better trades.

They believe their opportunity has come—when the war is calling so many people from skilled occupations to the front. For example, when given a chance the negro employee has proved himself worth while in the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at East Pittsburgh, where nearly 90 per cent of the employees are colored.

It would seem worth while for all those who seek colored labor to reflect that they can hire skilled workers by an investigation through this new association.

It has been plainly shown that less than one-twentieth of 1 per cent of skilled colored employees are actually employed in the particular work for which they are fitted. Both the employer and employee will profit if an effort is made to place the worker where he may be most useful. Especially is it important in this war period.

found there in many colors in addition to pure white.
An electrical machine has been invented for surgeons to use in cutting away plaster casts without discomfort to patients.
The amount of land above sea level in the world would make a crust 600 feet thick if evenly distributed all over the globe.
Spain will establish at Barcelona a permanent exposition, international in character, of the textile industry and its branches.

Newest Things in Science

A duster made of Chinese cloth soaked in turpentine and then dried will accumulate dust instead of scattering it.
An Italian scientist has developed a method of identification of individuals by means of the veins in their hands.
A partitioned gravy dish has been invented that permits fat gravy to be poured from one side and lean from the other.
Australia seems to have an inexhaustible supply of marbles that is

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WELL," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm going out to bring in Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston. If you can entertain his wife in the parlor I shall at least invite the husband into the dining room."

"Where he'll feel at home—near the sideboard!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "However, I shall look all the liquors up!" "There aren't any," remarked Mr. Jarr, sadly.

"And a good thing!" was the reply. "Still, I would prefer you wouldn't bring that man Dinkston into this house. In the first place, he is a loafer, and in the second place, while his wife is here, although she has resumed her widow name, and it doesn't look proper."

"I care not for the conventions; all I ask is comfort," said Mr. Jarr. "It is generally the wife that drives the husband from his house, but in this case it will be the husband who drives the wife from my house. If Mrs. Gratch, or Mrs. Dinkston, or whatever she calls herself, comes down upon us to air her objectionable pacifist views, and then announces she intends to honor us with a long visit, I'm going to do everything I know to cut that visit short!"

"Oh, dear! That is one of the drawbacks of living in a flat, having no spare room to entertain company!" sighed Mrs. Jarr. "But your Uncle Henry and your Aunt Hetty, from Paw Paw, West Virginia, don't mind how they pack in on one!"

"Now you know Uncle Henry and Aunt Hetty are not from Paw Paw," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, I know that," said Mrs. Jarr; "but it's all the same. What I was going to say was that if we lived in a private house, or even one of those nine-room apartments on the Drive, like the one Clara Mudridge-Smith lives in, paying a fortune in itself for rent, why, then, we wouldn't feel so crowded and inconvenienced when we had company visiting us."

to her, the reproach in his glance cuts her to the quick.
"If she promised to support him in the style he expected she should have made good," said Mr. Jarr. "He tells me she doesn't pay him his alimony regularly."

"Well, I'm sure it is all very confusing to me," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "They had an ethical marriage, I believe they called it. And everything was topsy-turvy. She proposed to him, and he explained he was a philosopher and poet and must never have sordid themes obtruded upon him, as they shattered his inspiration and impaired his ideals."

"A big, strong woman like her should be ashamed of herself!" said Mr. Jarr, with mock indignation. "Do you know what I believe? I believe Mrs. Gratch has taken her widow name because she has deserted the trusting Mr. Dinkston. That's why she is hiding here. She should be out hustling for work as a street-car conductress to support her husband. It's a good thing he has no children."

"Do whatever you think best," said poor Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I don't know whether you are making fun or not, but all I do know is that the queerest people fasten themselves upon us."

"So you are satisfied if the lady Bolshevik cuts her visit short?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "it may sound inopportune, but I do wish we had our house to ourselves. Still, if I had a larger place and a few spare bedrooms, it would be nice to have some congenial company, or even a nice boarder!"

"Say no more!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "Something tells me Mr. Dinkston is at Gus's cafe on the corner. I'll bring him right in, and then they'll both make a getaway when they see each other."

Strange enough, Mr. Dinkston WAS at Gus's. Mr. Jarr brought him right in. At sight of him Mrs. Gratch gave a shriek. "Angelo!" she cried. "Zenobia, my darling!" exclaimed Mr. Dinkston. And they flew to each other's arms.
When they were calmer they told Mr. and Mrs. Jarr that, to show them how they appreciated their efforts to bring about a reconciliation, they would stay right there for a good long visit.

War Savings Songs

There once was a man who in fun bought a War Savings Stamp for his son:
But the boy was so glad at the gift from his dad That his parent was glad he'd begun.

What Every Woman Does

By Helen Rowland

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HELEN ROWLAND

O F COURSE I love him! He is the best and kindest and biggest and most adorable husband in the world!

And he thinks ME the only perfect wife in the world—which is more!

And YET, every rainy morning, After I have served his breakfast, and found his hat and coat and newspaper, and kissed him tenderly goodby,

And cleaned the rooms and watered the rubber plant, and washed the dog and dusted the piano and telephoned the grocer—and all that, I sneak guiltily back into the living room And stealthily snatch something out from under a pile of sofa cushions,

And THEN— I slip noiselessly out of the place And, step into a big, glittering limousine And am whirled away—sometimes to a gorgeous satin-hung apartment on Riverside Drive,

And sometimes to a gold and white lobster palace, and sometimes to the theatre, back of the scenes—I never know where when I start! And I do the most startling and wonderful and deliciously outrageous things!

Things you would never suspect of a simple little thing like me! I rouge my lips and cheeks, and pencil my eyebrows, and wear gowns worth a thousand dollars and pearls "worth a king's ransom" (How much is that? About four cents in Russian money?) And I "sip champagne," and ALWAYS I smoke "dainty little gold-tipped cigarettes!"

And sometimes I gamble at bridge, and lose "thousands and thousands of dollars," which I can never pay, And I continually break the hearts of men—and wreck the lives of women!

Sometimes it is an artist from Greenwich Village, whom I bewitch and then discard! Sometimes it is a young duke or a little baronet from over the water whom I fascinate and then cast aside, Sometimes it is a fat old millionaire, whom I flatly refuse to marry, And sometimes it is—ANOTHER woman's husband!

And always, just as I have "taunted and tempted and goaded him into falling in love with me," His WIFE appears suddenly on the scene, And I exclaim bitterly, "The game's up! I can never face the scandal!"

And then I draw a little pearl-handled revolver from my sable muff And vow I will "end it all!" And THEN— I glance suddenly up at the CLOCK And say, "Oh, my goodness!" and jump up from the Morris chair And stick the copy of "ZIPPY STORIES" or "FLOSSY PICTON," or whatever it is I have been reading all afternoon, Back under the pile of sofa pillows—and rush out into the kitchen And tell the cook to put the onions on to boil for dinner!

Oh, no! I am not a whit different from hundreds and hundreds of other nice, domestic, devoted little wives— YOU, for instance!— Who take all their spice and excitement and wickedness vicariously, And thus get it out of their systems, And are able to endure quite placidly and cheerfully the dull monotony of a morning's housework,

And the long, long evenings with a tired, sleepy husband Dozing over his newspaper before the fire— If they can only manage to snatch a few riotous hours Of vicarious rapture and roses and recklessness and romance From the fascinating pages of the frivolous magazines Between whistles! Don't you DARE deny it!

War Medals Of the Fighting Nations

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NO. 7—RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

NOTHING more strikingly illustrates the tremendous and far-reaching influence of the great war than the fact that in each group of Allies are to be found nations which were enemies in recent conflicts. Such are Russia and Japan. Only the future can tell whether Russian Armies will again oppose the forces of the Central Empires, but surely no more stubborn courage has ever been shown than that of the soldiers of the Czar up to the time of the overthrow of the old regime. For three years, under the handicap of mismanagement and worse at home, in the face of shocking losses, they fought stoutly on.

The decoration for gallantry in the Russian Army was then the Military Order of St. George, founded by the Empress Catherine II. in 1769 as a reward for bravery and devotion for all ranks in both army and navy. It has five classes, but the first may be won only by a victorious General. It is a white, gold and red cross, worn on an orange ribbon with three black stripes. All the old orders of chivalry and knighthood in Russia ceased to exist with the overthrow of the Czar, but the Kerensky Government announced that the medal of the Order of St. George would be recognized. The fate it will meet at the hands of the Bolsheviks is not known.

UP to the present time the part taken by Japan in the world-wide conflict has been an unimportant one, but it is certain that her army and navy still possess in high degree the qualities of dash and tenacity they have displayed so brilliantly in the past. The greatest honor that may be won by her soldiers and sailors is the Order of the Golden Kite, which ranks as a badge of courage with the Victoria Cross or our own Medal of Honor. This order, which was established in 1890, is bestowed upon both officers and men and is of seven classes. The higher are beautiful examples of the enameller's art, the lowest of silver, all being surmounted by a golden kite with outspread wings. It is worn upon a green and white ribbon.

The Order of the Rising Sun is bestowed as a mark of high favor by the Emperor. It is of many classes and its emblem is a striking one, a red sun, from which project rays of white and gold. It is worn upon a scarlet and white ribbon.

Many unexpected things have come to pass in the three and a half years gone by, and it may be that before peace comes once more new medals will be awarded to Japanese soldiers for gallant deeds on European battlefields.

A SURPRISING development of electric-generating companies has taken place in France because of war demands and the shortage of coal, says Popular Mechanics. Formerly in the Alpine and Pyrenean districts, out of a total of 1,173 plants, only seven developed more than 10,000 horse power. But during 1915 and 1916 the total capacity of the establishments increased to 5,000,000 horse power, with several plants producing more than 40,000 horse power, and one reaching 250,000 horse power.

A NUMBER of English manufacturing plants are having excellent results in utilizing refuse as fuel to produce steam, special burners being employed for the purpose, says Popular Mechanics. One textile mill obtains all the steam required to run its machinery by burning shoddy waste. By using some of the steam to provide a forced draft the burning capacity of the refuse can often be increased 50 per cent. Where the amount is small it supplies fuel for a water heater.